

TROLLEY MANGLES AN OLD WOMAN'S BODY.

Broadway, Williamsburg, the Scene of Another Frightful Accident.

Victim Was On Her Way to Church for the First Time Since Her Husband Died.

CAR LIFTED FROM HER REMAINS.

A Few Moments Later Mrs. McLeod's Daughter, Returning from Sunday School Stopped and Saw the Body, and Collapsed.

Brooklyn's trolley claimed another victim yesterday afternoon, when car No. 420 of the Summer avenue line, crushed out the life of Mrs. Christiana McLeod, a widow, sixty-seven years old, at Broadway and Rodney street, Williamsburg. The body was frightfully mangled, and the head was almost severed from the shoulders.

Mrs. McLeod lived with her two married daughters, Mrs. George R. Valentine and Mrs. C. R. Marshall, at No. 238 Rodney street. At the time she met death she was on her way to the South Third Street Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. John D. Wells is pastor, to attend the 4 o'clock service. Her son-in-law, George R. Valentine, is the superintendent of the Sunday school, and the family are well known in church and social circles in the Eastern District.

Two months ago Mrs. McLeod's husband died, and since his death she has not been in good health, and has been at the first time yesterday. During the morning Mrs. McLeod had expressed a desire to attend church, but owing to her feeble condition her daughters persuaded her to wait until afternoon, when one of them would accompany her. This duty was finally left to Mrs. Marshall.

The latter with her brother-in-law, Mr. Valentine, left the house at 2 o'clock and attended the Sunday school. She told her mother to be ready at 3:30, when she would return for her.

"I don't want you to go alone," said Mrs. Marshall, "for I fear that something may happen to you."

Mrs. McLeod promised to wait, but an hour later became impatient, and told Mrs. Valentine that she thought she would make the journey alone.

"I feel strong enough," she said, "and will wait slowly, and probably meet Mamma on the way."

Mrs. Valentine watched her mother from a window when she left the house. She crossed the street and walked slowly toward Broadway, two blocks away. As she attempted to cross Broadway the car came rapidly along, and, according to eye-witnesses, was running at a rate of twenty miles an hour.

Small Pink, twenty-two years old, of No. 208 Rutgers street, was the motorman, and William Wilson, of No. 1410½ Bergen street, the conductor.

Mrs. McLeod evidently did not see the car approaching on its way to East New York, and as she stepped upon the track the trolley struck her. The force was so great that she was turned a complete somersault, falling on the opposite side. Before Pink could bring the car to a stop, forty feet away, the body had been ground under the wheels.

The car was filled with passengers, and the jolting, when the wheels passed over the body, caused them to realize that something unusual had happened. Many rushed from their seats to the platform. The mangled remains were found beneath the rear end of the car. The wheel on the left side rested on the neck.

Many willing hands assisted in raising the car so that the body could be removed. A blanket was secured and the remains were carefully placed upon it and carried to the sidewalk. Policeman McKillop, of the Clymer Street Station, arrested the motorman and conductor.

While the crowd was gathered about the body, Mrs. Marshall appeared on the scene. She was on her way to her home and stopped long enough to inquire for the body of the excruciated. One of the crowd told her she pushed her way through the people to get a glimpse of the face, she exclaimed that the mangled form was that of her mother. The sight horrified her, but she composed herself with an effort and staggered to her home, where she collapsed.

As soon as she revived Mrs. Marshall told her sister of the awful fate their mother had met with. The body was removed to the station house, and later taken to Leeves's undertaking establishment on Broadway, near Kenner street, by permission of Coroner Nelson.

Motorman Pink told the police that he did not see Mrs. McLeod until she stepped out from behind a coach and directly in front of the car. He was then too late to prevent the accident. The police have the names of H. T. Smith, of No. 120 Hayward street, and John T. C. Thompson, of No. 238 Rodney street, who witnessed the accident. Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Valentine are prostrated with grief at their home. Pink and Wilson will be arraigned in the Lee Avenue Police Court to-day.

THIS BAVALAPUS IS NO MORE.

American Museum of Natural History Will Receive the Body.

The only bavalapus in captivity exhibited in this country died of pneumonia in Jersey City Saturday. The curious animal was valued at \$20,000, and came from Matabel Land, South Africa, where the natives consider the meat a great delicacy. They have eaten almost all there was to be found, and those remaining are very valuable.

Major Wombwell, who was to have exhibited the beast in America, has presented the carcass to the American Museum of Natural History, in this city, and the peculiar elephantine exterior of this extinct animal has been preserved and stuffed for the benefit of science and the public.

Admitted That He Stole.

The carpet-cleaning works of August Voego, at No. 43 Broadway, Williamsburg, was entered two weeks ago and articles to the value of \$220 stolen. Detective Campbell arrested Peter McKinley, nineteen years old. McKinley is a son of the employer of the factory. He admitted the theft, but refused to say what he had done with the plunder. Justice Goetting held him for trial.

Tin Can Makes an Ugly Wound.

During a quarrel yesterday morning between James Barr and James Cummings, living at No. 97 Clay street, Greenpoint, Barr assaulted Cummings with a tin can, inflicting an ugly scalp wound. Dr. Robinson, of St. Catherine's Hospital, dressed the wound and Barr was arrested.

WOMAN THIEF CATCHER.

Mrs. Julia Torso Boldly Tackled a Burglar and Finally Secured His Capture and Arrest.

A burglar was captured through the intemperance of a plucky young woman at No. 36 Main street, Brooklyn, Saturday night.

The man, who gives the name of Michael Bolito, jumped out of a trolley car about 9 o'clock and walked into the house as if thoroughly familiar with it. Two of the daughters, who were standing at the door saw him pass, but his boldness threw them off their guard.

He went to the second floor and broke into Antonio Siglio's room. Mrs. Julia Torso, who lives in the house, happened to look into the window and saw the man break open a trunk. She cried out and the burglar abandoned his work and fled. Mrs. Torso followed him in the way, and the man tried to spring over the banister. Mrs. Torso seized him by the coat and held him until he was released. Then he ran down stairs followed by Mrs. Torso and several other tenants.

Bolito ran down Water street as far as Washington street, followed by a dozen Italians. Patrolman Murray caught the burglar and brought him to the Fulton street station. Mrs. Siglio accused him of burglary, and then Mrs. Torso preferred a charge of assault against him. He gave his name as Michael Bolito, and his address as No. 36 Main street, Brooklyn. Siglio was one of the crowd that followed the burglar to the station. When the officers arrived at the station he discovered that his watch had been stolen. It was a silver one and valued at \$8. The police are looking for the pickpocket.

LIBERTY ISLAND'S LIQUOR.

Brooklyn Clergymen Claim They Can Stop the Sale of Spirits There on the Sabbath.

There is a possibility that the thirty ones will be unable to get a drink on Sundays at the pavilion on Liberty Island. The members of the Brooklyn Law Enforcement Society are anxious to close the resort on the Sabbath. Although the Raines law does not apply to the place, they claim to have discovered a Federal law which will close the place on Sundays as tight as a drum. It is section 5501 of the Laws of the United States.

Preparatory to prosecuting the proprietor under this law, Rev. F. B. Russell and Dr. Quill, Secretary of the Brooklyn Law Enforcement Society, visited the place yesterday to secure evidence. They asked upon the thirty ones quinine beer and bought two glasses of whiskey themselves. Tully told the manager that the liquor was to be drunk off the island, and then the government machinery will be set to work to prevent people drinking Liberty Island liquor on the Sabbath. A complaint will also be forwarded to Secretary of War Lamont, who has jurisdiction over the island.

NEW POLICE JUSTICES.

Two Brooklyn Officers Retire This Week to Make Room for Appointees.

Two Brooklyn Police Justices will finish their terms next Thursday, and be succeeded by the new appointees. Justice Henry F. Haggerty, a lawyer and a Democrat, who has presided in the Municipal Court for the past five years, will make way for Charles E. Teale, a merchant tailor, who was appointed by Charles A. Schieren, then Mayor, and City Auditor John R. Sutton. The new Justice is a Republican.

Justice Richard H. Laimbeer, a young Republican lawyer of ability, who succeeded Justice Henry F. Haggerty, will be succeeded by Justice Andrew Lennon, a Republican, who lives in the Twenty-eighth Ward.

HE STRUCK A TROLLEY CAR.

The Bicyclist Picked Up Unconscious and Removed to a Hospital.

Curtis Walters, a Brooklyn bicyclist, of No. 316 Sixth street, rode down Bedford avenue yesterday, where the grade is very steep between the Eastern Parkway and St. Mark's avenue. Mr. Walters felt tired, and rested himself while the bicycle hurried along at its own constantly increasing speed.

A butler street car crossed the avenue, and the wheeled man did not cross Butler street until after the car had passed. He was hurled into the air and landed on the sidewalk. Policeman McKillop, of the Clymer Street Station, arrested the motorman and conductor.

While the crowd was gathered about the body, Mrs. Marshall appeared on the scene. She was on her way to her home and stopped long enough to inquire for the body of the excruciated. One of the crowd told her she pushed her way through the people to get a glimpse of the face, she exclaimed that the mangled form was that of her mother. The sight horrified her, but she composed herself with an effort and staggered to her home, where she collapsed.

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THIS BLOW MAY CAUSE DEATH.

Edward Kraft Arrested and Thomas Voorhies in a Bad Condition.

Edward Kraft, a bartender of Avenue L, and Thomas Voorhies, of Avenue K, in the Flatlands Ward, Brooklyn, quarreled Saturday night. They were exchanged and kept in the station house. Friends removed Kraft to his home. At midnight his condition was so serious that Dr. Byington notified the police, and as a result a doctor was called and looked up to await the result of the man's injuries.

CHARGED WITH STEALING A WAGON.

Patrick Carroll, of No. 816 Eckford street, Williamsburg, was remanded for trial by Justice Laimbeer in the Even Street Police Court yesterday on a charge of larceny. Carroll was arrested by Detective Brown, of the Greenpoint Avenue Station. It is alleged that he stole a wagon from in front of a stable at Milton and Franklin streets two weeks ago.

FOUND A BABY GIRL.

Saloon Keeper Diedrich Meyer while closing his place at No. 325 Kent avenue, Williamsburg, at midnight Saturday, discovered an infant hidden just outside the storm-door. The little one was wrapped in an alpena cloth and was nearly dead. Meyer found the child was turned over to the city nurse. The little founding was a girl.

IN FAVOR OF MCKINLEY.

The Brooklyn Young Republican Club will meet to-night in the Johnston Building. Resolutions favoring McKinley's nomination for the Presidency will be adopted. The club is an anti-Pullman organization. It claims a membership of 1,500.

GRANT DINNER AT THE UNION LEAGUE.

The anniversary of General Grant's birthday will be honored by Grant Post, No. 327, G. A. R. to-morrow night at the Union League Club in Brooklyn. The post and the club will unite in holding the annual Grant dinner.

A WELCOME TO DR. MCCONNELL.

Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell, the newly appointed rector of the Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity, in Brooklyn, will be formally welcomed by the leading members of the congregation on May 4.

LESTER'S PET PONY CAUSED HIS DEATH.

Thrown from His Little Wagon on Saturday Night and Fatally Injured.

Feinberg's Birthday Gift to His Four-Year-Old Boy Cost the Latter His Life.

THE FATHER TRIED TO SAVE HIM.

Little Fellow Was Riding with His Brother When the Pony Ran Away—It Was Caught, but the Children Were Thrown to the Street.

A pony, which was the particular pet of Lester Feinberg, the four-year-old son of Michael Feinberg, of No. 82 Ross street, Brooklyn, caused the death of his young master. The accident occurred shortly before 6 o'clock Saturday afternoon and the little fellow died about 5 o'clock yesterday morning. Lester was a bright, handsome boy, the pride of his parents, and on his fourth birthday, about five months ago, his father presented him with a pony and cart.

The pony is a pretty sorrel and white animal. He was gentle and affectionate in disposition, and he and his master soon became the best of friends. Still young Lester was never allowed to drive the pony alone. When he was not accompanied by his mother, Mr. Feinberg was in the cart or on the sidewalk to see that no accident happened.

Saturday-afternoon Lester and his brother George, seven years old, were driving the pony on Bedford avenue, when Mr. Feinberg walked beside them. Near Ross street the pony broke into a gallop. The cause of his fright is not known, but it is supposed that one of the little fellows struck him with the whip. This is the only explanation Mr. Feinberg can give.

The father rushed into the street and seized the bridle, but the pony was now going at a rapid gallop and Mr. Feinberg was knocked to the pavement. He clung to the bridle, and the pony fell with him. When the animal fell the two boys were thrown from the cart. Neither of them appeared to be seriously injured, and both were able to walk home. George cried for his mother. Little Lester made no complaint, and when his parents asked him if he felt badly, he said his head was aching.

In some of the hotels there were "sacred concerts." A jovial crowd of about 150,000 visited the island. No one was thirsty. There were a few who had ordered so many drinks that they were unable to walk, and were cared for by Captain Clayton. The bicyclists were out in force. There were hundreds of bloomer girls.

LESTER FEINBERG AND HIS PONY.

The four-year-old boy and the turnout that was his father's birthday gift. He was thrown from the wagon and received injuries of which he died yesterday.

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ing to women. It gave them a chance to see their husbands and to talk to them. Mr. B. Russell, of the Law Enforcement Society, visited Coney Island in the afternoon. He visited one hundred saloons, and found a number of them in which liquor was being sold. In one "hole," he says, he saw one "little butter" who bought drinks.

There were a score or more of new hotels opened at Coney Island yesterday. Not a glass of liquor was sold unless a snuff went with it. However, the rash man who ate a sandwich was frowsted upon by the waiters.

The parents, however, did not realize that the child was suffering from a perhaps fatal injury, until after 9 o'clock, when his symptoms became alarming, and Dr. Franklin Bennett, of No. 686 Greene avenue, was called in.

The physician said Lester was suffering from a concussion of the brain, and probably beyond medical aid. A few hours later the boy became unconscious, and remained in that condition until he died, about 5 o'clock yesterday morning. It was thought that the boy might have struck his head against the curb in falling, but there were no bruises on the head.

Coroner Nason was notified of the accident, but, after hearing the facts, decided that an inquest would not be necessary. Mr. Feinberg is the vice-president of the Chambers Printing Company, Nos. 24 to 34 New Chambers street, New York.

ORANGE POTATO PATCHES.

Pingree's Scheme, Worked Successfully Last Year, Will Be Tried Again.

Orange, N. J., April 26.—A number of charitably disposed people, who last year tried on a small scale the scheme of Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, to help the poor by giving them free potato farms, have determined to again make the experiment. Last year fifteen families were aided in this way to lay up something for the winter, and this Spring the applications for farms and seeds have been numerous.

LUNATICS SAW THE BLAZE.

Tugboat Corona Burned at Astoria, Opposite Blackwell's Island.

The large tugboat Corona, while lying off Wall's wharves at Astoria, N. J., was discovered to be on fire yesterday by Captain Rockover, who is her owner. He turned in an alarm and the Long Island City firemen responded.

Owing to the fact that she lay well out in the stream the firemen had great difficulty in dealing with the blaze. She was burned to the water's edge. The captain places his loss at \$5,000. While the boat was burning on the upper end of Blackwell's Island the inmates of the women's lunatic asylum were all at the windows, interested spectators.

ACCUSED OF ABUSING HIS WIFE.

Mrs. Annie Behan, a young woman, charged her husband, John Behan, with assault yesterday in the Lee Avenue Police Court, Williamsburg. The couple live at No. 335 Graham avenue and quarrels between them are frequent. Saturday night John returned home in an ugly mood and began to abuse his wife by kicking her and to make the apartments. A policeman appeared on the scene and arrested him. The case was adjourned.

A SHORE DRIVEWAY HITCH.

There is a hitch in the plans of the Shore Driveway Commission. The Kings County Illuminating Company, which owns property on the line mapped out, refuses to sell it, asserting that the city did not go about the work in the right way. The Re-publican administration has, so far, spent \$2,800,000 for the land needed for the driveway. Large amounts have been paid for property which was quoted at very old figures before the driveway plans took practical shape.

TENETS ESCAPED, FIREMAN INJURED.

The eight families who occupy the apartment house at No. 238 First street, Brooklyn, were driven out by a fire Saturday night. Fireman Douglas Murray, of Engine No. 49, had his hands cut by falling glass. The damage was about \$2,500.

ARRESTED A WAITRESS.

She Sold a Bottle of Beer in Brooklyn. Sandwiches and Drinks at Coney.

The police found in Brooklyn yesterday sixty-three saloons in which the Raines law was violated. The restaurant keepers, except in rare cases, sold very little beer. They were afraid to take chances.

There were nine cases where men were caught in the act of selling liquor. Among the ex-cuse prisoners was one woman. She was Lizzie Bailey, a waitress in the restaurant at No. 170 Fort Greene place. The charge against her was selling a bottle of beer to a patron.

The Prohibition League met, as usual, at No. 515 Fulton street, Freeborn G. Smith, the local leader of the Prohibition party, presided. The League's scouts made reports accusing a number of liquor dealers of violations of the law. Dr. Belle Rankin advocated the enforcement of the law. She said it was a blessing to a nation.

THE WEE SMALL BOY AND THE BIG CIRCUS.

Brooklyn's Youngsters Swarmed About the Tents Yesterday.

One Venturesome Lad Got Too Near the Elephant and Was Spanked by a Keeper.

STREET FAKERS AT THE GROUNDS.

Elephants Were Unwilling to Cross the Bridge on Saturday Night—Mayor Wurster Will Be Asked to Review the Parade.

During Saturday night Barnum & Bailey's circus crossed the bridge to Brooklyn, and the big tents were pitched in the vacant lots at Halsey street and Broadway. The trip across the bridge was made with no little excitement. The elephants at first refused to step upon the big structure, but were finally forced to walk over by their keepers. There was a deal of trumpeting. When the big beasts reached the Brooklyn incline they raced helter-skelter to the street. It was with difficulty that they were kept from dashing through the Brooklyn terminal.

The tenting ground was the Mecca of the Brooklyn small boy yesterday. There were all kinds of boys—boys in neat attire, with clean faces, and boys with tattered garments and faces anything but clean. The former were accompanied by good papas and elder brothers.

The elephants were the youngsters' delight; all the other animals were caged, but by lifting up the edge of the tent the little fellows were able to get a peep at the massive brutes. The keepers had a hard time keeping the boys at a safe distance.

Once one of the big elephants nearly damaged a freckled lad. The venturesome young Brooklynite scrambled under the elephant's trunk, and when it suddenly swung its trunk around and was about to encircle the boy with it, when a keeper dragged him out of the way. That boy was spanked enthusiastically and driven out of the tent.

Outside thousands swarmed about the tents like bees about a honey barrel. Of course, the street fakirs were on hand. The streets about the city of canvas looked like a country fair. There were merry-go-rounds and plate games. The pink lemonade man and the tomato vendors were on every corner, and loudly cried their wares.

The circus will parade through Brooklyn streets to-day. The start will be made at 10 o'clock. The route is not yet decided upon, but all sections of the city will be visited. Mayor Wurster has been asked to review the procession.

VICTIM OF THE BLIZZARD.

William Kitchell, Who Died Yesterday, Had Never Left His Home Since the Great Storm.

Orange, N. J., April 26.—William Kitchell, of Park and Ward streets, a life-long resident and business man, died this morning at the age of eighty years. Previous to the blizzard of 1888 Mr. Kitchell was an active man, but during the storm he was caught some distance from home, and it was with difficulty that he reached his home. He was stricken down with the grip, and, afterward, and the disease shattered his constitution that he never recovered, and since then he had not left his home.

NEWARK WOMEN'S WORK.

When the Men Refused to Complain of Nuisances They Banded Together for Reform.

Newark, N. J., April 26.—The Women's Municipal Improvement Association of Newark, which was organized recently, is now fully equipped. Already it has worked a reform in the watering of trolley tracks by the traction company several times a day, to lay the dust that has ruined so many bonnets and dresses. Men had growled and grumbled, but when the women came to know that the woman had taken a hand in the matter the street mud officials were intimidated, and the women were not out of the street.

Last summer the residents of Court street were much annoyed by garbage, ashes and the excrement of dogs which were dumped in the street. The women of Court street, who are known as the "Court street women," have taken a hand in the matter. They first sent letters to the Street Commissioner. Receiving no reply, they went in a body and dislodged the officials. The women threatened, if the weeds were not cut down at once, to go forth armed with axes and publicly shame the City Department. In two hours the park was cleared up.

It gave the women a little taste of their power and it was decided to form the Court Street Improvement Association, but the women of other sections of the city wanted to be included, and the result of the meeting was the present society. The ladies first captured Abram Jordan, chairman of the Board of Works, and made him talk to them. Then, Jordan, who had pledged the Street Cleaning Department to many reforms.

Following women are the officers of the society: President, Mrs. William H. Everett; secretary, Mrs. J. Osborne; treasurer, Mrs. Gottfried Krueger.

WAY WAT FOR CONSOLIDATION.

New Brighton, S. I., April 26.—A joint meeting of trustees and two citizens selected from each of the six wards will be held on Wednesday evening to consider the advisability of the village purchasing its own water plant. The contract with the water company has been unsatisfactory. The opponents of the scheme say that the village will soon be in the Greater New York, and it would be a needless expense to purchase a water plant at the present time.

LINEMAN FALLS FROM A CABLE.

Long Branch, N. J., April 26.—Yesterday afternoon William McMahon, a lineman for the New York & New Jersey Telephone Company at this place, was repairing wires on Second street. He was on a cable when he was working, falling twenty-five feet to the sidewalk. In Monmouth Memorial Hospital he was discovered that his neck and back were badly hurt.

BROOKLYN'S COMMON SENSE CLUB.

The Common Sense Club, of East New York, has been incorporated in Brooklyn. The object of the organization is to encourage industry and intelligence and secure good government. The directors, Joseph Wojciechowski, Clements Marrowski, Kolag Wojciechowski, Josef Ulanowski, and Peter Balcerak. They are big men in the Polish colony.

A MAD DOG IN BAYONNE.

Bayonne, N. J., April 26.—Yesterday afternoon a dog supposed to be suffering from rabies ran wild on West Twenty-third street. Several dogs and children were bitten. Two policemen fired their revolvers at it, but never touched it. Finally a boy with a stick knocked it down and the policeman finished it.

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